

THE BOURBON NEWS.

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WALTER CHAMP, [Editors and Owners]
BRUCE MILLER.

MY UNCLE CHARLEY.

My Uncle Charley he ain't got no children of his own. Nor any wife nor parents, but just lives all alone!

It must seem awful quiet, 'cause he says he likes the noise.

'At makes so many grown-up folks find fault 'ith little boys.

He says they ought to 'an an' play an' holler all they will.

A boy won't grow a mite, he says, 'at has to keep so still.

An' Chris'us time he buys us horns an' squawky things an' drums.

An' ma she lets us have 'em, too, when Uncle Charley comes.

He says sweet things won't hurt your teeth as much as parents say.

An' s'pose you do, boys has to lose their first ones anyway.

He says that's why we ought to eat just all 'at we can get.

Of sugar-candy things before we grow our second set.

So every time he visits us my Uncle Charley brings.

His pockets runnin' over, 'most, 'ith just the nicest things!

They's candy-mice an' candy-men, an' lots of sugar-plums;

It's 'most as good as Santa Claus when Uncle Charley comes.

He don't think little boys an' girls should go to bed so soon.

But says they ought to stay up late an' sleep 'till nearly noon.

So when he comes to our house, ma, she lets us have our way.

An' us an' Uncle Charley we all play an' play an' play.

He barks just like a dog, an' makes our old cat growl an' spit!

He knows the mostest funny tricks! An' when the lamp is lit.

He makes us shadow-pictures with his fingers an' his thumbs.

It's good as goin' to a show when Uncle Charley comes.

But sometimes ma she says she bets if Uncle Charley had

A half-a-dozen boys an' girls all carrying on like mad,

An' turnin' things all upside-down an' crisscross, every day.

He'd want to pack his trunk right off an' hurry far away.

But one time when our neighbor's boy was awful sick an' died,

Ma hugged an' kissed us, every one, an' cried an' cried an' cried.

Nor said a word when we was bad an' s'cattered cooky crumbs.

But cuddled us just like she does when Uncle Charley comes.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Unexpended Charity.

"Tis hangin' on well, so it is," remarked the janitor, blowing on his fingers, as he entered the basement and buffeted himself vigorously with swinging arms.

"What is it hangs on well?" asked August, his assistant, who had been hovelving ashes from beneath the furnace into an iron wheelbarrow and who paused to wipe the perspiration from his glowing face with the sleeve of his coat.

"Several things does, August," replied the janitor. "There's th' passenger on a six o'clock street car an' th' chief av palls. Th' wallpaper I've been tryin' to strip off in th' empty flat is stickin' pretty well. I b'lieve I'll let you try your hand on that in th' afternoon. I've saved th' ceiling for you, an' there's a mighty interestin' pattern on th' ceiling; you'll enjoy the job. I was speakin' av th' weather, though."

"It is cold weather," said August.

"Cold! I should say it was cold," said the janitor, shivering with marked ex-



GETTING OUT THE ASHES.

aggeration. "Hurry and get them ashes out from under th' grate there. I want to crawl in an' lay down. Th' mercury's collapsed entirely. Has anyone been in?"

"Nobody was in, only some dramp feller, who wants to get warm himself. I haf not let him stay but ten minutes. Den I tell him: 'You get out pretty quick, and he went out.'"

"That's right," said the janitor: "that's th' proper thing to do. What do you care if he was freezin'? Ut ain't no business av yours. Heat costs money, don't ut? Wanted to get warm: 'Twas like th' gail av him. Ut wouldn't surprise me if he wanted to get something to eat. Thim tramps wan't th' earth cut into hemispheres an' served on a hand-painted chiny plate. You ought to have kicked him, August. Ut's like you did."

August squirmed uneasily. "He told me he was hungry, and I gif him a dime and told him to get owt pretty soon, and get somethin' to eat," he replied.

"You're a tow-headed clump," remarked the janitor. "You haven't th' sense av' a eight-month-old babe. Don't you know ut's an even chance he buys a drink with that dime, or spins ut in some other form av riotous an' luxurious amusement? Any philanthropist will tell you that same. You were pauperizin' av him. Why didn't you make him clear out thim ashes anyway, if you were bound to squander tin cents on him?"

"He was not a strong man, and he old man," replied August, and

getically. "I guess he was norty, and if he was not hungry he could not get him very drunk on dose ten cents. If I send him away mitout nothin' I shall think ohf him ven I eat mine own dinner, and it spoil my appetite."

"Well, av course you were justified if it affects you that way," said the janitor; "but you're no political economist an' you'll never get your name in th' papers."

August trotted off with his wheelbarrow of ashes, and the janitor, having toasted himself sufficiently, walked leisurely over to the work-bench, and, pulling a door lock from his pocket, proceeded to take it apart, looking from time to time out of the window as he did so. There was a horse attached to a strap to a heavy iron weight in front and to a light wagon behind standing at the curb before the window. It was a depressed-looking horse, with abnormally large knee-joints and hoofs that turned inward; its half-closed eyes were deeply sunken and its backbone was prominent and serrated; there were cavernous hollows in its flanks and its tail was bald and its coat staring. Now and then it seemed to rouse itself with an effort from its miserable apathy and look around as if expecting somebody. Then it would move forward until the strap tightened at the bit ring; then it would move back and resume its despondent attitude. On the other side of the street there was a team of glossy, well-fed bays, held in check by a coachman, who sat on the box so rigidly and with eyes so fixed and expressionless that he appeared to be frozen. These horses were shaking their bright pole chains impatiently and tossing their heads as they pawed on the hard ground, as though they were not only conscious of their plated harness, but considered even the drab livery and cocked hat of the coachman a part of their own adornment. Once or twice the equine wreck at the wagon looked around at his patrician brethren, but he did not seem to be envious. Resignation was written on every rub of him.

"Will you lub at him now, th' poor crowbar!" said the janitor to the tenant who had come down to borrow a screwdriver. "Th' breath av his body not warm enough to show as it comes out av his nostrils, an' thim aerost th' way snortin' like somebody had opened a valve with steam up. He's been standin' there like that for two mortal hours. I seen him as I went out at nine, an' it's 11 this moment, so it is. I'm goin' to wait five minutes longer an' thim, if the driver ain't on deck. Im goin' to list that weight in th' wagon an' let him walk around an' get warm. I'd like th' contract av warmin' his owner."

The janitor screwed the plates of the lock together, and then, inserting the key, snapped it back and forth to satisfy himself that the spring was working well.

"I suppose that moth-eaten structure was wanst a relickin', friskin' colt, without a care in th' world or a stroke av work to do, an' green grass an' runnin' water for th' gatherin'!" resumed the janitor. "I wonder av he's thinkin' av thim days now? There's wan thing about horses—most av them have seen better days an' fields an' pastures green. Take it in th' case av Julius, here. Julius was born on the North side, an' he's a North-side cat from his whiskers to th' tip av his tail. He belongs to a sangerbund, does Julius, an' a turnverein, an' he's sociable an' happy. He'd be just as happy if he had to depend on his own exertions for what he gets to eat as he is now, an' all he cares about green grass is a mouthful to take th' brown taste out av his mouth whin he's bilious after bein' up all night—ain't it, Julius?"

The black cat, which had leaped lightly up on the bench, arched his back stiffly as the janitor passed his hand along it and began to purr. Then he walked up to the window, and, standing on his hind legs, looked out with an air of interest.

"He knows what we're talkin' about," said the janitor, "but he ain't got no partickler sympathy with th' poor beast himself. I'm goin' to do somethin' for that horse. August here has been av relievin' th' necessities av indigent tramps, an' I'm fired with his noble example. I think there'll be more gratitude in th' brist av th' horse—ther'll be more oats inside av his slats, anyway."

The janitor caught up a wooden pail, and, putting his cap down over his ears, started out. The tenant, looking out of the window, saw him stop and pat the dilapidated horse on the neck as he passed him and then hurry on. In about five minutes he returned to the basement with his pail full of bran.

"It's all I could steal," he explained; "but I'm thinkin' th' scobbiest av my benivolence will be just as pleased. I'll turn some hot water into it to make it th' more comfortin' to his old stomach."

He turned on a faucet as he spoke, and was stirring the mess around with a stick when there was the sound of wheels outside, and the meager form of the horse trotted slowly past the window, urged on by a big man with a frayed whip, who occupied all of the wagon seat and bulged over on the off side.

"That's alwis th' way whin I try to do a good action," said the janitor. "August, how is your family off for publicities?"—Chicago Daily Record.

A Man of Knowledge.

Average Woman—How am I to know which is poison ivy and which isn't?

Average Man—By looking at it, of course. How else would you know? One has three leaves and the other five. Every man of sense knows that, and I don't see why women shouldn't.

"Yes, I know, my dear, but which kind is the poison kind?"

"Why, you goosey—the three-leaf, of course, or the five-leaf, I forget which."

—Weekly.

BROUGHT IN HIS GAME.

How a Texas Scout Convinced a Skeptical Colonel About Indians.

"You, gentlemen, who have served in southwestern Texas," began a jolly West Point captain, while sitting before the campfire with the volunteers recently, "have seen the Semirble negro-Indian scouts. In the early '80s, when I was a lieutenant, my regiment was stationed at old Fort Clark, and was assigned to command these same scouts."

"Southwestern Texas at that time was a pretty wild stretch of country. Civilization stopped at San Antonio, and the duty of these negro-Indians was to keep that border free from smugglers, marauding parties and hostile Indians. Once every four months they came to Clark for their money, and then, you will pardon the expression, gentlemen, there was h—l to pay."

"The men had had a good many sharp brushes with the redskins and when they were warmed up with liquor they liked to tell of these affairs. The commander at Fort Clark was a little skeptical about these Indian stories, and one day he said to me in a joking way: 'I don't believe there is an Indian in West Texas, and I'll give \$30 to any man in your command who will bring in a dead redskin.'"

"There was one Mexican in the command, Julian Longonio by name, and he was one of the best trailers the southwest ever saw. Longonio heard the colonel's remark and his headlike eyes snapped as he turned away. For myself, I thought no more of it until it was forcibly recalled to my mind some time later."

"The next day we left Fort Clark for a scouting trip. At Newton, where the Las Moras empties into the Rio Grande, Longonio rode up and asked permission to cross the river. Fancying that he wanted to visit some friends and knowing that there was no immediate need of his services, I readily gave my consent. The greaser swam his pony across the river and disappeared in the chaparral."

"The next I saw of him was two days after, when I rode into Fort Clark for my mail. In the afternoon Longonio rode down to the officers' line and stopped in front of the adjutant's office. Several officers were standing around and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at sight of the Mexican with a dead Indian behind him. He refused to answer any of their queries and asked for 'el colonel.' Hearing the commotion the colonel came out, and before he could say anything Julian cut the rope that bound the Indian to his saddle, threw the corpse on the porch at the colonel's feet, and in that soft, drawing voice so peculiar to the Mexican, said:

"Cincuenta pesos, senior el colonel!"

"Well, gentlemen, the colonel was so thunderstruck at first that he was speechless, but, recovering himself presently, he gave Longonio such a cussing out as I never heard before nor since. The Mexican sat like a sphinx on his horse, pretending not to understand English, and when the colonel was through he simply pointed to the dead Indian and again said:

"Cincuenta pesos, senior el colonel!"

"He got his 'cincuenta pesos' finally, but the colonel intimated that if he ever caught him around there again he'd have him shot. Longonio pocketed the money and rode away with a broad grin on his face to rejoin the scouts. It seems he had lassoed the Indian first and started to bring him in alive, but after dragging him a mile over the cactus plain poor Lo's spirit fled and another bad Indian was made a good one via the Paradise Valley route."—San Francisco Call.

NEW YORK A WORLD CAPITAL.

And Broadway But a Busy Stretch of a Path Running Round the Earth.

"It is quite a journey, the trip across the continent," said a New Yorker, "and even the American, accustomed as he is to great distances, and to everything on a big scale, thinks in his heart, the first time he makes it, that this is a big country. But I venture to say that we shall presently discover that we have been but provincials, and that feeling will come to us together with the revelation that we are now citizens of the world, indeed, when we come to see our flag floating over distant shores."

"The eastern man who travels for days day and night before he comes to the confines of his own country cannot fail to be impressed by the magnitude of it. But now, suppose instead of stopping at San Francisco he kept on for days across the broad Pacific, to find his flag flying on the Hawaiian islands, these belonging to his own country. And then on again for days till he comes to lands not mere islands in the sea, but, ocean bound though they are, considerable territories over which his flag floats. Now he's half way round the world, but on his own soil still, and New York seems no longer simply a great city with a world-wide trade, it is true, but, after all, only the chief city of a great country—it seems now a world capital."

"But not entirely so. We want something more. There is a lonesome stretch around the other half of the world from the Philippines on, where we have no place to set our foot. But we shall find places there no doubt. In the course of time. It's the nature of things that we should, and when that time comes the citizen of this town when he walks Broadway will realize that it is no longer merely a part of a local road that runs a few thousand miles and stops, but the busy section of a pike that goes round the world."—N. Y. Sun.

The Usual Age.

Little Rodney—Papa, at what age do men commence to be bald?

Mr. Henpeck—Marriage, Judge.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Notes for the Ladies on the Latest in the Department of Dress.

New cold weather shirt waists are made of velvet, fancy plaided faille with satia bars of contrasting color, corduroy, English velveteen, plain, striped, or polka-dotted; silk and wool fancies, soft French flannels almost as finely woven as ladies' cloth, in rich winter dyes, and drap d'Alma and drap d'ete. Roman-striped satins and pretty natty silks are much favored for dressy uses, and with these waists is usually a club tie of matching fabric and pattern.

Gray fox fur shoulder capes and muffs are exceedingly stylish, and will this year be worn with any and every color of gown. They look particularly handsome in suite with the new beautiful dyes in deep jacque-rose red, petunia, ruby, violet and Russian-green cloth costumes. This delicate fur is especially becoming to young girls with color, and there are some simple, stylish costumes in friars' gray, winter-sky and frost-gray cloths that are greatly enriched and wholly transformed by the addition of these handsome fur accessories.

Never before were so many cold-weather jackets, blouses and coats made with open cutaway fronts, showing waistcoats, plastrons, etc., of airy summer-like textiles. It seems absurd to introduce chiffon or net in the form of a vest, on the front of a tailor-made cloth gown, for suits of this class are intended merely for general wear, and the incongruity of the associated but diverse fabrics challenges one's commonsense. Nevertheless this particular feature of day-dress is a decidedly marked one among many winter styles.

White broadcloth is much used for bridesmaids' gowns this season. At a fashionable church wedding last week such costumes were worn with black velvet picture hats, into which touches of deep orange velvet were introduced among the drooping sable plumes. Bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums tied with yellow satin ribbon gave a pleasing color note to these pretty bridesmaids' frocks.

The new short fur pelerines are considered the particularly stylish thing to wear with the tailor-gown. The long stole ends are trimmed with innumerable tails, with usually a drooping cluster under the chin, and the effect is graceful. Large bows of cherry, violet, Yale blue, or golden brown satin ribbon still brighten many of the collarettes, boas, and other small fur neck pieces, with corresponding bows among the lace platings and mink or sable tails on the fancy muff.

Among the winter petticoats recommended for durability are those of American surah lined with watered percale, with one deep ruffle of the silk merely finished with a two-inch hem and five narrow tucks above. Another style suggested on the merits of its wearing qualities is a skirt of silk moire with four or five narrow taffets frills at the hem. The moire comes in a variety of colors, and this material will outwear any three skirts made of taffeta alone.—N. Y. Post.

SHE KEPT THE LETTER.

A Dairy Maid Who Had a Plan of Her Own for Keeping Her Prospective Husband Down.

There is a curious and well-authenticated story about a deceased peer which is worth repetition. When just of age he had the not uncommon mania of falling in love on the slightest provocation, and the less common habit of making offers of marriage, which, as long as he confined his addresses to ladies of his own rank, was of no consequence, as they were treated as jokes.

But one day his fancy fell on a strapping dairymaid about 12 inches taller and six years older than himself, and it was shortly afterward reported to his mother, the countess, that big Polly had shown a fellow-servant a written offer of marriage from the little lord. Immense excitement at the end of which the confidential housekeeper was sent on a mission of inquiry, with full powers of compromise, to the strapping Cinderella of the dairy. The ambassador offered her an excellent situation at great wages and a handsome present in hand if she would go to a distant estate and promise to have no more to say to her noble lover.

The damsel accepted the offers without hesitation—indeed, with eagerness—answering: "Make your mind easy, Mrs. —, as I wouldn't marry the little creature if every 'air on 'is 'ead was 'ung with diamonds. I'm keeping company with a young man as stands six feet in his stockings-soles and can jump a gate without putting a finger on it."

"All right, my good Mary, I knew you were a good girl, and you had better start before his lordship comes back from London, and there's something to pay expenses," producing a nice new, crackling Bank of England note for £50.

"And now, Mary, you will give up his lordship's letter?"

"No, indeed, I shan't," was the answer, "my young man is willing to marry me as soon as I can get ready, but I shall keep this letter to show him, if ever he's saucy, that if I liked I might a' married a hearl!"—St. Louis Republic.

Yankee Potpie.

Stew one chicken until tender and make a gravy with it as for fricassee. Take some fresh baking powder biscuit, break them open and spread on a platter crust side down, and when ready to serve pour over the chicken and gravy.—Detroit Free Press.

Spiced Biscuits.

Make baking powder biscuit, using one quart of flour; add one cupful of brown sugar, mixed with the flour; three teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one teaspoonful of nutmeg.—St. Louis Republic.

FUNNY FOLKS.

When He Works.

He was sitting with his feet on the desk, industriously smoking, when the taxpayer entered. Under the circumstances it seems hardly necessary to say that he was a public official.

"You are remarkably well paid for this job," suggested the taxpayer.

"Not when you consider the work necessary to get it," answered the official.—Chicago Post.

Mounting Upward.

"My goodness, what airs the Hobblys are putting on lately! Mrs. Hobbly and the girls are so stuck up that they scarcely deign to speak to one any more. I wonder what's the cause of it?"

"Oh, don't you know? Why, since the election the papers have got to referring to old Hobbly as 'boss.'"—Chicago Daily News.

The Open Door.

The statesmen talk of "open door," and tell its virtues o'er and o'er. Such talk to me all foolish seems. A relic of some summer dreams. For when, as now, the blizzards blow, And snow obscures all here below, My only cry is: "Shut that door!"—N. Y. Herald.

NOT A SUCCESS.



Snakler—I had been thinking of adopting the stage as a profession.

His Friend—You won't do for that; you're too easily rattled.—St. Louis Republic.

Hidden Beauty.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a maid has deeply blushed unseen
Because of heavy coats of pigment there.—Chicago Daily News.

Fixing the Blame.

"I'd like to know why it is," said young Brokleigh to his tailor, "that every time you make a pair of trousers for me you get them a little short?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "unless it's because I usually find you that way when I present the bill."—Chicago Daily News.

Human Nature.

"You know," said the collector, rather plaintively, "you said that you would pay me if I came to-day."

"Well," answered Mr. Billedew, "you must bear in mind that human nature is human nature. The best of us sometimes say things that we are sorry for."—Washington Star.

One Secret She Keeps.

Dixon—Why is it that it is usually unmarried women who write articles on "How to Manage a Husband?"

Hixon—Oh! you don't suppose a married woman is going to give her little plan away, do you?—Tit-Bits.

Broke.

Mrs. Hiram—Supposing, Bridget, I should deduct from your wages the price of all the china you broke?

Bridget Brittledish—Well, mem, I guess I'd be loike the chaney.—Town Topics.

Misfortunes of a Georgian.

"I'm mighty sad I ever lived to see this awful day; Bill's in the legislature, an' Molly's run away!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.



Mickey—Say, don't look so scared! Didn't yer never go out behind er tou-oughbred before!—N. Y. Journal.

According to Her Folly.

She's the very apt to find,
Here's no happy lot;
She worries when she is in love,
And also when she's not.—Chicago Daily News.

A Suggestion.

Father—When I punish you it hurts my feelings much worse than it hurts you, my son.

His Son—Well, why don't you stuff your feelings, same as I do my pants?—Brooklyn Life.

Fistiana.

First Bruiser (fiercely)—I want you to understand I'm the cream of this business. See?

Second Bruiser—That's what you are, and any old woman could whip you!—N. Y. Herald.

Getting Started.

"We must economize, mustn't we?" said young Mrs. Torkius.

"I'm afraid so," answered her husband.

"Well, I'm going down town to-day, and I know you are going to be surprised to see how cheaply I buy things. So as soon as you can you must write me a check for some money to economize with."—Washington Star.

Conceded.

He—When I came in this evening I noticed that there was a ring around the moon. Do you know what that means?

She—No, but I know what a ring around the third finger of a girl's left hand means.

There being no loophole by which he could escape he had to declare himself.—Cleveland Leader.

Comparing Notes.

"My family can't help feeling a little proud of having been carried over by the Mayflower," said the young woman who was visiting in Chicago.

"Is that so?" answered the young man interestingly. "None of our folks ever went into the florist business. What brought us through was wheat."—Washington Star.

A Money-Saver.

"Beasington is the stingiest man I ever saw. Do you know what he's doing now?"

"No; what's his latest scheme for saving money?"

"He's rented a room over a restaurant, so that he can inhale his meals without extra cost."—Chicago Daily News.

Flattering His Vanity.

"By George," said Amesbury, "I must be young looking and handsome still."

"What makes you think so?" asked Bolton.

"I've noticed that my wife doesn't want to join any evening card clubs except those in which the lady members are all elderly."—Cleveland Leader.

Diplomacy.

Boston Bill—Please, mum, kin you gimme-somethin' to eat—jist the meat the dog left will do.

Mrs. Miggles—We haven't any dog.

"Oh, you ain't? Den you git to work an' cook me a plate o' ham an' eggs an' a cup o' coffee, fore I kick ye in the jor!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Odors.

Violet scent suits many people. New-mown hay some folks admire. Give me, as a winter perfume, Apples roasted by the fire.—Chicago Record.

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC TRAGEDY.



"Do not deny it, Gladys Irene. You were winking at him the whole evening. Are you endeavoring to drive my dishonored head to the protection of the divorce court?"—Ally Sloper.

Dyspepsia.

This life is long and unrest. How oft, midst epicurean scenes, Are men who wish they could digest A dish of common pork and beans!—Washington Star.

A Napoleon of Finance.

"Dickie, what did you do with that dime I gave you for taking your guinea?"

"Why, pa, I bought some Hickerish with it—cents—an' with it I hired Tommy Budds to take th' guinea."—Brooklyn Life.

Where the Affront Was.

Polly—The way that man looked at me was positively insulting!

Dolly—Did he stare at you long and insolently?

Polly—No. He just gave one glance and then looked at something else.—N. Y. Journal.

A Repeater.

"Watkins has a wonderful memory. I think he remembers nearly everything that ever happened to him."

"Yes; but he forgets that he has inflicted his reminiscences on everybody he knows."—Puck.

Heroic Measures.

"I understand that your daughter has begun taking lessons on the piano."

"Yes; the folks who live next door to us are very obnoxious people. We want to have them quit the neighborhood."—Chicago Daily News.

How Hateful.

Cholly—Aw, how widoiculous, bab Jove! They have a horse in the east that smokes a pipe!

His Father—I know an ass right here in Cincinnati that smokes cigarettes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At Home.

"John, aren't you glad to be at home again?"

"Glad? My dear, even your angel cake tastes heavenly to me."—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Romantic.

That love's what makes the world go round Is quite poetic, some folks think; Yet on reflection 'twill be found The same is also true of drink.—Judge.

An Eye to the Main Chance.

Mr. Hiborn—By what unit of measurement could you properly estimate a man's devotion to you?

Miss Lowe—The number of times he says "I love you."—Weekly.